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THE BYSTANDER
October 9, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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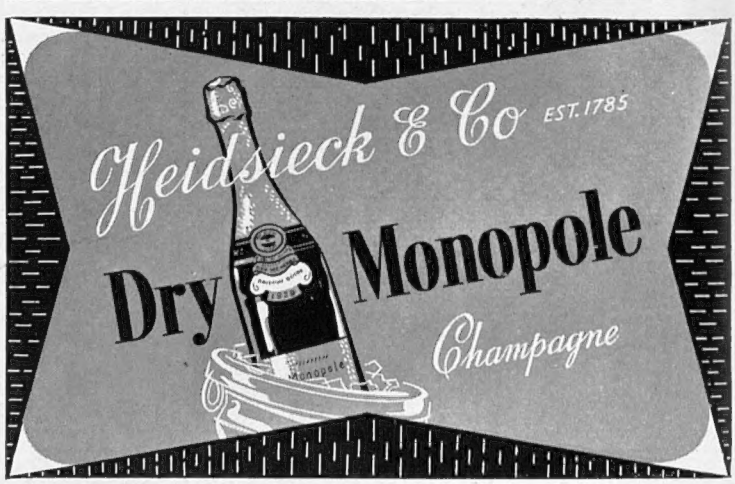


AGENTS : TWISS & BROWNINGS & HALLOWES LTD., 16 WATER LANE, LONDON, E.C.3

The Bystander

Paulette Goddard — Dictator's Wife

It was announced last week that a dictator would be arriving in London very shortly. But this time not, as has so often been boasted, from Berlin. Charlie Chaplin, in his new film *The Great Dictator*, should any minute be setting sail from New York, where the picture is due for showing next Tuesday. In London it will be put on a week or two later, probably at the Odeon and the Gaumont, and comes with Mr. Chaplin's blessing: he "believes it is a duty and privilege to maintain and promote the spirit of the British people in this period of crisis." Meanwhile the dictator's wife has just been generally released in *The Ghost Breakers*, which had a considerable West End success at the Plaza and Carlton. Miss Goddard herself has been taken on by Cecil B. de Mille for his first Technicolor film, *Northwest Mounted Police*, in which she plays with Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Preston

New Lord Mayor of London is Sir George Wilkinson, who succeeds Sir William Coxen as civic leader of a City "ruthlessly damaged" by air raids. There would be no pageantry and little hospitality during his year of office, he said. He has been Alderman of Aldersgate for seven years, is a Governor of three of London's great teaching hospitals

New friend of the homeless is Henry Willink, M.P., appointed Special Commissioner to supervise arrangements for the care and rehousing of people whose homes have been bombed. He at once visited six of the boroughs that had suffered most, tried a two-course meal supplied at a Ministry of Health food centre, afterwards told a Press conference that at some centres meals were first class. Co-Commissioner for the London region with Mr. Willink is Sir Warren Fisher, who is in charge of roads, public utility services, and debris clearance

The Passing Hour

Wartime Gomments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

WHEREVER you go, you find a feeling of optimism. Some people are optimistic without reason, some because their neighbours are cheerful, some because they are cheerful by nature. But a lot of people, thoughtful people, are optimistic for definite reasons. The Luftwaffe has failed to crush London; the R.A.F. is playing havoc with German war production; the longer nights and the new bombers are going to increase that havoc; the U.S.A. are approaching closer and closer to us; Italy has come to a standstill. These are a few of the reasons. And all this is only four months after the colossal disasters of the Battle of Flanders and the Battle of France.

NOW that many of us find our travelling is somewhat restricted, and we don't patronise the trains as often as usual, I wonder if we realise the astonishing work which is being done by the break-down gangs and the organising staffs of the railways. Last week I had to make a two-hour journey on a certain railway out of London. A bomb had pitched on the line outside the terminus, and the journey took me five hours. Two days later I made the same journey and the train ran up to time.

I MADE another rapid tour on your behalf on my bicycle a few days ago to examine some of the damage in London. I was struck by the extraordinary speed with which the debris is cleared up, and the roads repaired and made open again for traffic. Another thing which struck me was the efficiency of the fire services. I saw many traces of incendiary bombs which had obviously been extinguished before a real fire could get started. I was also impressed once again by the incredible exaggeration of the stories one hears about destruction.

ONE of the almost certain repercussions of the German-Italian-Japanese Pact will be the reopening of the Burma Road, either on October 18th—when the agreement runs out—or even before. A good many people have thought all the time that the road should never have been closed. Now that America has expressed its sympathy with China in the most emphatic manner by lending more than $50,000,000, I do not see how the British can possibly continue to block the Burma Road, considering that almost all the American supplies for China go over that road.

PETTY OFFICER A. P. HERBERT, M.P., has told a delightful story in *Punch* this last week, and just in case there are any of you who have not studied from cover to cover the journal which my colleague Mr. Wyndham Lewis calls "the old Cheerie-Weerie," I propose to retell it briefly. The Petty Officer was tacking, or luffing, or something, up the river, or down the river, when he saw that he was abreast of a sailors' club of which he is a member. He hitched his vessel to a convenient buoy, and found to his surprise that the club was deserted. Spying an old friend in the distance, the Petty Officer gave him a big hello, but the friend refused to approach, and shouted from afar something which sounded like "it's a fine day just where you are." It turned out that he was trying to convey to the P.O. that he had hitched his vessel to a buoy which was marking the presence under water of a time-bomb.

THE only other really funny story about the bombing which I have heard comes from Tommy Handley, the famous radio and stage and film comedian. It appears that Mr. Handley was in his house with his mother, who is somewhat hard of hearing, when a large bomb fell in the garden. Mr. Handley, like all the rest of us, was somewhat displeased at this. A minute or two later his mother tapped at his door and said, "I rather think someone is knocking at the front-door."

DR. G. M. YOUNG makes a good point about the censorship when he writes that "we are told that a school in a cathedral close in the south-west has been hit, and we all start wondering

whether it is Salisbury or Wells, and trying to remember whether there is a school in the close at Exeter." The censorship, in fact, is apt to tell us too much, and at the same time too little. If we are told that one of Wren's churches in the City has been hit, we are naturally painfully anxious to know which one it is. It would be far better either to tell us the name of the church or not to mention a church at all.

I FOR one am delighted to hear that the Wine Society has got enough claret and burgundy in its cellars to last its members for about four years. My only concern is that I sincerely trust that the cellars are both deep and strong. The thought of a gigantic bomb landing full pitch into four years' supply of claret makes me turn all queer (as the saying is).

THE citizens of Brazil seem to have got a bit worried by the total eclipse of the sun. They appear to have bolted for shelter under the assumption that the world was coming to an end, though it is a little difficult to see why they would have been better off in a shelter if they had been right in their theory. There is no news yet of the reaction of the timid folk of New Jersey to the same phenomenon. You will remember that not so long ago they got the impression that an army had landed from the planet Mars, and they made pretty fast time down the roads which lead out of New Jersey towards the West.

TALKING of timid people, I was not greatly impressed by the attitude of the citizenry of Oxford the other day when an air-raid warning sounded in the middle of the day. Instantly everyone downed tools. The shops shut, the pubs shut, and the streets were filled with scampering folk bustling along for shelter, just like any Brazilian. Considering that the gallant Oxonians have not yet had a single air raid, their attitude contrasts rather unfavourably with the Londoner, who goes on working until the last possible minute and sometimes even longer.

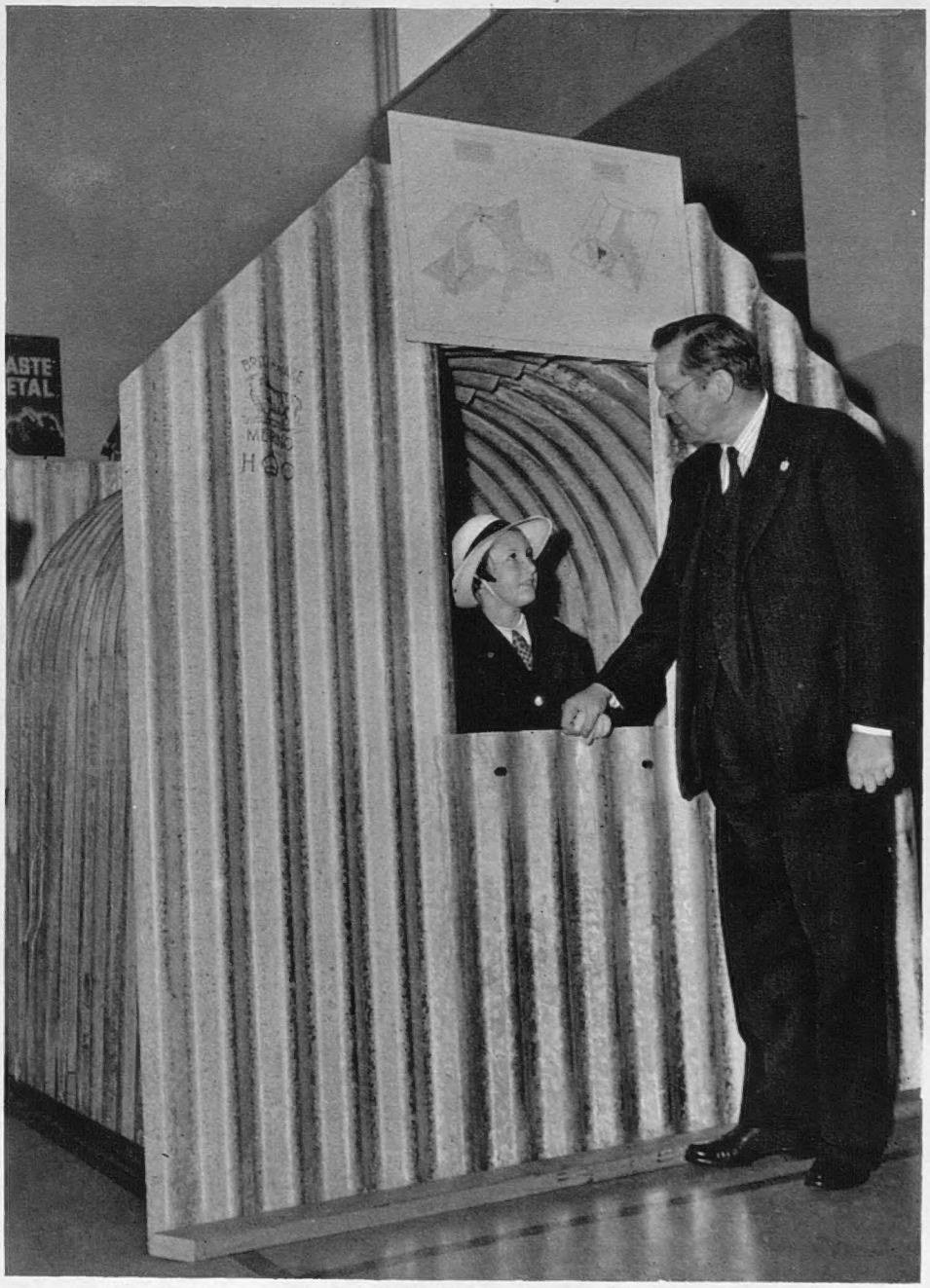
IN the last war, icicles on the railway line was all the cry as the Cossack hordes went bowling down the Great Northern Railway on their way from Scotland to fight in France. You will remember that everyone had an aunt who was hit on the earhole by a snowball thrown at her by a playful moujik. It seems that in this war drowned Germans are going to take the place of the warriors from the Steppes. On the East Coast, everyone seems to have a friend who saw these drowned bodies "a few miles further north." It is going to be interesting to see what the origin of the story turns out to be.

SIR HUGH WALPOLE is surely the most indefatigable of all our novelists. It hardly seems more than a few months since his last book was published, and here he is again with *The Bright Pavilions*, a novel of the Herries family in the Elizabethan age. And allow me to tell you that if you ante-up your half-guinea, you will get your half-guinea's-worth, for Sir Hugh has run to 724 pages.

MR. ROBERT ATKINS is a brave man. He has reopened the Vaudeville Theatre for matinées of *All's Well that Ends Well*. The cast includes Miss Catherine Lacey, Mr. Esmé Percy, and Mr. Ernest Milton. The lunch-hour ballet at the Arts Theatre is equally brave, and it is pulling in such good crowds at lunch-time that there is now a second performance from 2.15 to 3.15. And if this goes well, a third hour will probably be added.

STRANGE happenings in our law courts. On one and the very selfsame day Mr. G. D. Roberts, K.C.—once a terror of the Rugby football field—defended a man for speaking out of turn to a gendarme, and was himself mulcted in the sum of ten yellow boys for speaking out of turn to a gendarme. Which all goes to show, doesn't it, or doesn't it? And I don't want any smart-alec letters about *Quis custodiet* and what not.

A POLISH officer has endeared himself for ever to the people of Scotland. The other day the City Fathers of a Scottish town gave a luncheon to a number of Polish officers who were quartered there. The senior Polish officer made a speech of thanks in almost perfect English. He said how much he and his men had come to like the Scots, and he wound up by saying that they might be soon transferred to England. He then wanted to explain that in England a similar friendship would no doubt spring up. What he actually said was, "We hope, by the grace of God, in due time to get to like the English also."



***An Anderson shelter** is now on display at New York's World Fair so that America can see how many a Briton spends his Blitzkrieg nights. Demonstrator—from first-hand experience—of different kinds of air-raids behaviour was ten-year-old Barbara Bond, seavacuee from Carshalton, Surrey. She had the official support of the British Ambassador, Lord Lothian, whose work in forging Anglo-American links has been intensified and assisted in the last ten days by Japan's swallowing of the Axis Treaty hook*

Home from the South Atlantic

Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Harwood came home recently after more than a year's absence. Lady Harwood went down to the port at which he arrived, and was on board to meet him before he landed. He was received by the King last Tuesday, who knighted him and invested him with the insignia of the K.C.B. (Military Division). He was made K.C.B. in December, after the Battle of the Plate, in which he commanded the British naval forces from H.M.S. Ajax

Off to East Africa

Mrs. Keith Newall is Commander of a Mechanised Transport Corps unit which is to serve with the South African Forces in Kenya. Before it left, the unit of forty-six was inspected, during an air raid, by the South African High Commissioner

People in the Lighter News

M.P. at Last

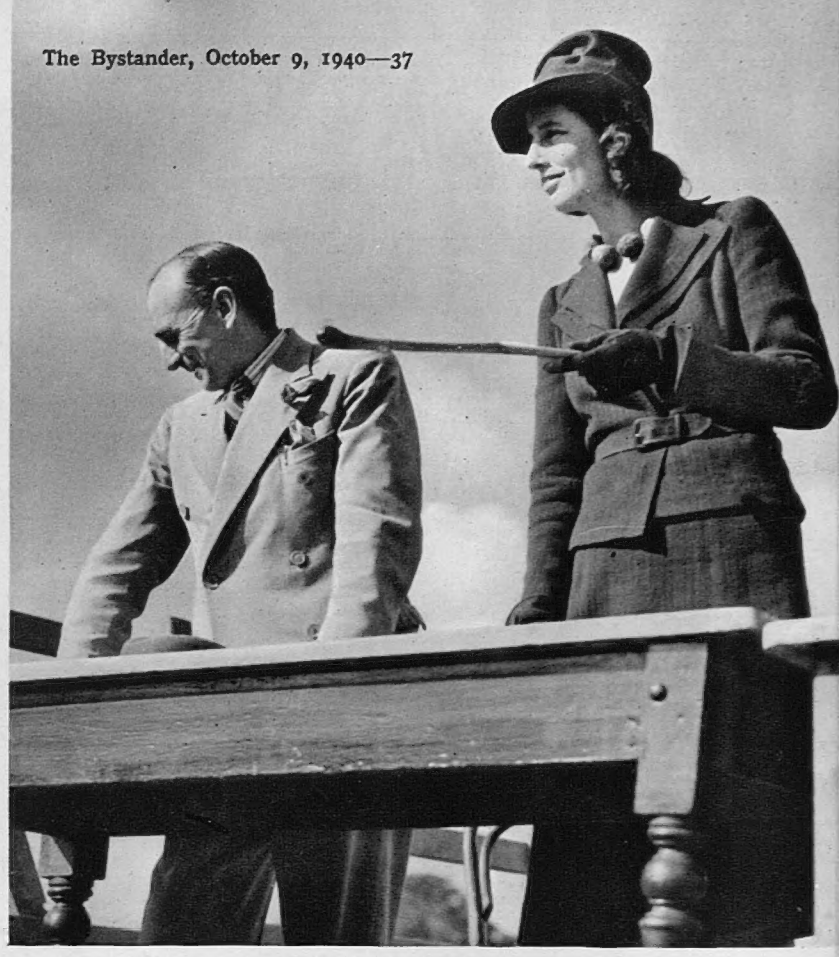
Second Lieut. Randolph Churchill, the Prime Minister's only son, was returned unopposed as Unionist M.P. for Preston, in the by-election caused by the death of Mr. A. C. Moreing. He had already been an unsuccessful candidate for three other constituencies, hopes that at Preston he has "found a political home for all time." He was photographed in Downing Street after visiting his father

H. G. Quartermaster

Morris Hyman, who up to now has made his name supplying clothes to actors and fancy-dress ball-goers, now fits out Home Guard recruits instead. He is Quartermaster of the Bow Street H.G. Company (see next picture)

Air-Raid Drivers

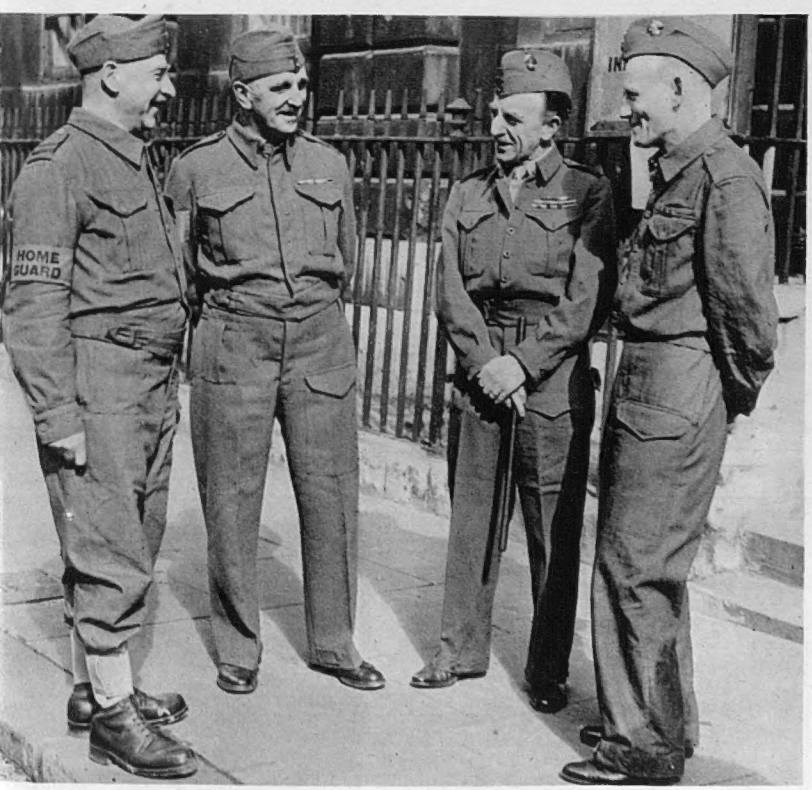
Miss Rosaleen Forbes and Lady Queensberry (known to the art world as Cathleen Mann) are two more members of the Mechanised Transport Corps. But their work is in London, helping to evacuate people whose homes have been bombed. Lady Queensberry also works at the A.R.P. control centre



Red Cross Auctioneer

Lady Anne Hunloke, with a riding-whip for gavel, opened an auction sale at Hope, in Derbyshire, in aid of the Red Cross. The first lot up for bids was a sheepdog puppy. Lady Anne Hunloke is the Duke of Devonshire's youngest sister, and her husband, Henry Hunloke, is M.P. for West Derbyshire

Below are Wanda Morgan and Sam King, Pam Barton and Alfred Padgham, after their match at Pinner Hill in aid of the "Daily Sketch" War Relief Fund. Miss Barton (an L.C.C. ambulance-driver in her working hours) and Padgham won by 3 and 1, and the match netted £120 for the Fund. It was Wanda Morgan's first charity match since the war



Defence of the Realm in Bow Street

Major G. K. Rose, M.C., the Metropolitan Police Magistrate, commands a company of the Home Guard in the Bow Street area, with barristers, butchers, hotel managers, Covent Garden porters under his orders. With him here are Colonel the Hon. Glyn Mason, Central Zone Commander, Lieut.-Col. Sir Thomas Moore, Battalion Commander, H. M. King, Assistant Battalion Commander.

"The Sunspots"

"Sunspots" Preparing for the Show

Organiser and producer of the concert party is Mary Dunn (the Hon. Mrs. Andrew Shirley in private life), who writes revue sketches for Herbert Farjeon and George Black among other things. Helping her load the "Sunspots'" black and primrose stools in a van is Lucia Lawson, debutante daughter of Brig. the Hon. E. F. and Mrs. Lawson

Guest Arti

Professional reinforcement of the "S Little Revue fame. Accompanying her plished comedian and pianist. Miss "Sunspots" operate, performing fo hall to tents with the blessing of Ge

A Buckinghan

Make-Up for the Pianist

Tom Williams is the "Sunspot" pianist. He does Government work all day, comes straight from his factory to the show. Lucia Lawson was putting the last touches to his make-up. Dressing-rooms are infrequent luxuries on "Sunspot" tours

"What's the Use of Glamour When—"

"—We never seem to see the men and have to go to bed by ten": sisters Angela and Pamela Kerr-Bock sing this sad little song. They are A.T.S., so they know all about the austerities of war service. But as prim and-black-dressed "Sunspots" they now find a pretty use for their glar

Grenfell Does a Turn

amateur talent comes from Joyce Grenfell, of Lindo, cousin of Olga Lindo, and an accom- lives in Buckinghamshire, in which county the stationed around there. They tour from town Cyriac Skinner, Welfare Officer for Bucks.

The Hon. Mrs. E. F. Lawson Sings a Song

Singer in the concert party is the Hon. Mrs. E. F. Lawson, wife of Brig. Lawson, who is Lord Burnham's heir and general manager of the "Daily Telegraph." Lucia Lawson, her daughter, also takes an active part in the "Sunspot" shows. Rehearsals are held at Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, Mrs. Lawson's lovely home, or else at Miss Dunn's cottage in the park. Although President of the Red Cross and organiser of Hospital Supplies in the county, Mrs. Lawson can still find time to entertain the troops with her fine mezzo voice

Concert Party Performs for the Troops

A Sermon in Song

"The Parsons of Puddle," an old Co-Optimist favourite, has been revived by two "Sunspots." Len Brown is the party's funny man and often succeeds in making his fellow "Spots" laugh as well as the audience. His mate, Peter Holden, is a London architect by day

An Actor Is Born

"I want to be an actor" is the theme of one sketch, specially written by Mary Dunn. It needs two volunteers from the audience, and here is one of them, with Lucia Lawson as the clinging heroine. Len Brown gives lusty direction as the action proceeds

Keystone

Lunch Ballet at the Arts Theatre

Three Huntswomen and a Bird from "Peter and the Wolf"—Charlotte Bidmead, Olivia Sarel, Therese Langfield and Celia Franca—ate their own lunch in the Arts Theatre foyer after dancing during other people's lunch hour. They belong to the Ballet Rambert-London Ballet Company, who gave last week's programme and who will be back again next week. (This week the Arts Ballet are performing.) The Arts Theatre's lunch-hour (1-2 p.m.) ballet idea was so successful that now a second—and different—programme is given from 2.15 to 3.15 p.m. every day

Blitzkrieg Ballet

Pamela Carter—Sugar-Plum Fairy

Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Spitfire Ballet at the French Institute

The Ballet Group gave a performance last Saturday in the French Institute Theatre in aid of the Kensington Spitfire Fund. In their programme were four new works by Pauline Grant, the Group's director. Above are five members of the company in their dressing-room with the Mayor of Kensington, Councillor R. D. C. Jenkins. On the left is Pamela Carter, premiere danseuse; she was formerly with Woizikowski's and de Basil's companies. The Ballet Group was originally at the Neighbourhood Theatre, is now giving a series of performances at the Theatre Royal, Windsor

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Revudeville" (Windmill)

'PLANES may come and 'planes may go, but the Windmill, brookfully, goes on for ever. Hail to thee, Windmill! Oft have we tilted at thee in the past, even as Don Quixote himself, but to do so now would indeed be unchivalrous. Honour to thy sails, which cease not from revolving, and honour eke to thy most rescuable nudes, who wink not a lash even when the warning sounds—I gather that the Lord Chamberlain would be down on them, so to speak, if they did. So there they stand, heroically immobile, what time irrelevant scenes are enacted in the foreground, whether it be dancers in Vienna (which city, one gathers, will be once more exactly what it used to be when the war is over), or whether it be the surge of aqueous females below the surface of the sea, challenging the gaze of an audience which, on the afternoon of my attendance, was 98 per cent. masculine. And that, now I come to think of it, was, not including myself, binocularless yet attentive.

WHAT *would* happen if a nude moved when a bomb went off? Could the Lord Chamberlain really be so hard-hearted as to suspend the theatre's licence? Or are there special provisions under which the ruling shall be deemed inapplicable, as war, fire, or an act of God? Cut out, nevertheless, the nudes, and much, indeed most, is left at the Windmill. As, for example, a charming circus ballet, devised and led by Beatrice Appleyard, and introducing, naturally, a Tattooed Lady. And a scene "Somewhere in France, 1940"—but the earlier part of 1940, since the Colonel, the Lieutenant and the Drummer-boy with whom Anne-Marie flirts have not been demobilised, neither are they Nazi. And a handsome dust-up in the Argentine, with knives and passion and an Englishman whose bare fists are a match for any foreign weapon. Those fists do not seem to be an awful lot of use at the moment, but we can still shake them at the sky if we feel that way inclined.

IN between the production numbers there are solo turns, as when Morton Fraser sings one of those powerful navvy songs about dirt and grime and coaling, coaling, with a dramatic narrative of life and death to make him wonder, in his rough, simple way, why he should have been spared and the man who saved him taken? Or when Eric Woodburn plays the smallest Jew's harp in the world. Or when (a duo this) Lucy Peters, having sung very strongly, subsides while her assistant, Eric Pashly, does his bit on the 'cello. I always think one of the most difficult things a singer has to do in variety is to sit listening to an instrumentalist, displaying not as much interest in his performance as will attract attention, but just so much as will show how appreciative she is should anybody chance to look at her. Miss Peters does this to admiration—the subtlest piece of acting, I thought, of the afternoon. But one does not, of course, go to the Windmill for subtlety. Breadth, colour, and an exciting squint here and there—these it continues to provide. A valiant company, who may pride themselves now more than ever before.

The only sirens we appreciate are the Windmill chorus in "Spirit of the Waves"

Tap talkers: Lesley Osmond and Billy Holmes

Sketches by Sallon

Anne Singer as Anne Marie

Argentine welcome: Michael Lindon, Muriel Robbins, Eric Woodburn

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"My dear, sometimes Hitler infuriates me; you'll simply never guess what he's done now!"

Slogger J. M. Keynes's reminder over the air the other night that a wondrous and happy task awaits us, namely, the building in due course of a "handsomer and healthier" London, was infinitely bracing. But for the human loss and suffering involved, one could almost hand the Boche a posy already for smashing up quite a number of legacies of the Industrial Revolution and the Great Victorian Blight, which made of that London which was once—

> ". . . of townës A *per se*,
> Soveraign of cities, seemliest in sight,"

that mean slovenly mess of which a later poet than Dunbar has sung with such melancholy—

> ". . . an inane immense
> Of poverty anarchic, dull with gin,
> Fallen too far for hope or discipline,
> Sprawling a waste of dirty lanes and quays,
> And dust, and most intolerable din."

And perhaps this time the greed of greasy cits and moneygrubbers which defeated Wren after the Great Fire may be overcome, who knows? Wren would have created a city full of air and light and colonnades, wide gracious boulevards and noble vistas, a hundred times more finely planned than Haussmann's Paris, which is slightly gimcrack and, moreover, the least bit sinister, if you reflect that Haussmann's principal object in clearing away the narrow twisty streets of Old Paris and driving those long broad avenues was to ensure a clear field of fire for the troops in future revolutions. However, the City usurers foiled Wren, and may easily do the same again, unless they are scourged and hanged publicly beforehand, though we're told that several directors of the Bank of England are already tabulating peevish objections to this act of common justice and decency, and threatening to squeal to Barney Baruch. Once these pests are disposed of, a quadrumvirate such as Lutyens, Goodhart-Rendel, Gilbert Scott, and Clough Williams Ellis could very soon knock up a few tasty plans for a London which would avenge Wren and appease Posterity. This would probably mean, alas! the removal to begin with of the new Reuter-P.A. building in Fleet Street, a very vexing and thoughtless piece of rococo indeed, and possibly the monstrous big glasshouse opposite, of which Lord Beaverbrook's boys are so naïvely proud, all unaware that by all the canons of "functional" architecture, this already somewhat dated structure should be full of fish. It certainly isn't full.

Exile

Bombed out of its charming Dover Street home, the Arts Club has taken temporary refuge in St. James's Street among the Conservatives, its pain mixed no doubt with melancholy pride at being a target for people who have never produced much painting except the blancmange-like types of the School of Cologne and Holbein's ramping big boys; though their mediæval woodcarvers and Renaissance engravers are not to be sneezed at, and Slogger Dürer especially has more than one sombre message for to-day. But on the whole, one might say, a race devoted — especially since the Renaissance and the Prussian supremacy — to ugliness, and hating the lovely Graces as Luther hated Reason. Hence in a way members of the Arts Club, as the particular boy-friends of the Muses and Apollo's buddies, may rejoice sadly at the grievous honour done them.

Not so most of the other leading clubs, for whom being driven from home by bombs will mean simply a terrible, protracted exile among strange repulsive faces, and uneasy wanderings through alien halls, stretching out their hands, like the ghosts in Virgil, in vain longing for the further shore. It is odd how revolting the faces of members of strange clubs extending what is called hospitality in spring-cleaning time can be; how cold, how ugly, how inhuman. Obvious criminal types, you can't help noticing, are slumped down ostentatiously in the best corners, leering and exulting over their newspapers. Their servants also are flown with pride and full of veiled insolence. The manly way out, a chap tells us, is to smack the most hostile members suddenly and cheerily on the back, asking in a vibrant baritone after the health of Aunt Maudie or poor Uncle Joe. Before they can find the Secretary you dash to the writing-room, address large numbers of envelopes containing blank sheets to Cabinet Ministers, peers of the Realm, rich women, and titled moneylenders, seal them, scatter them carelessly in full view, and leave the room for (say) ten minutes. Returning, you give your letters to a servant to post, and the house thenceforth (this chap avers) is miraculously yours. We are always hoping to see this trick done, preferably in the Athenæum or the Marlborough.

Offer

The *Weekly Review*, a tiny voice of sanity amid the myriad Zoo noises which afflict the sensitive ear night and day, is offering a modest prize for an exact definition of the word Democracy, used on the wireless, in print, and in speeches about 1896 times every twenty-four hours at this moment. Other Mumbo-Jumbo words for which a definition-prize is also offered are Fascism, National-Socialism, and Communism, but these are of secondary importance. "Democracy" is the big word with every British politician, whiffling don, booksy boy, leader-writer, and hack able to draw breath or handle pen, and we doubt strongly if one in five hundred of them could give a clear, reasonable definition of it when challenged; for doubtless they all spurn indignantly that pleasing one offered some time ago by a speaker at the Oxford Union: "The right of fools to govern themselves." Not being a

professional critic we haven't the *Enc. Britt.* at hand, so we can't tell you how those solemn boys define it; probably wrongly, judging by some of their other efforts. Democracy is one of those fetish-words of which Humpty-Dumpty said, "Take care of the sounds and the sense will take care of itself." We 've often heard the Third French Republic described as a democracy—though not so often since the Republic foundered in a welter of corruption and crook politicians wrangling like crabs in a basket—and we 've heard the word applied also to Great Britain, which is plainly odd, considering our oligarchic system of government. We 've heard it applied even to Soviet Russia, which is ruled by a ruthless Czar and a powerful secret police. Evidently democracy means a lot of different and contradictory things to different people, but there must be some fundamental definition, and it will be useful to have it. Fascism, again, needs defining exactly in this country. It is used by our vivacious Left Wing boys as a missile to hurl at everybody they don't like, and it is nearly always linked with Nazi-ism, as if these two violent systems were identical. We doubt if one in a thousand Left Wingers has ever probed the teachings of Fascismo, or, for that matter, the teachings of Slogger Marx, which nobody has ever understood except Lenin (so he said).

Much as the Island Race hates the effort of thought, therefore, we think the definition of a few current slogans, cries, and Mumbo-Jumbo boss-words is necessary, and even urgent. As Sydney Smith (or was it Southey ?) said, you can get the Island mob to cry No Popery though it doesn't know whether Popery is a man or a horse. Similarly with maybe 90 per cent. of the Democracy boys, some of whom seem to think it is a cure for everything, including boils, from which many of the most vocal suffer, alas !

Fortitude

INTENSIVE sinew-stiffening and blood-upsummoning, a spy in the Academic Groves tells us, has been the only reply to that German threat to bomb Oxford flat in reprisal for a mythical R.A.F. attack on Heidelberg. Nor is there any need to doubt the fighting courage of the Oxford Don. You may remember how forty of the species, hurling their united challenge from a dozen common-rooms with fire-eyed defiance, ordered Miaja to defend Madrid to the last drop of Republican blood. The shrill trumpet-blast was not obeyed, owing to one thing and another—including perhaps the presence in Madrid of large numbers of Nationalists—and the capital fell; but the names of the gallant Forty, including one lady and a professor of Anatomy, are doubtless enshrined in Spanish history along with those of the Cid Campeador and Don John of Austria. Olé ! Olé ! Woe is me, Alhama ! But it still gives the Spaniards a laugh and enables them to quote one or two of those brief, salty proverbs in which the Spanish language is so rich. (E.g., "Patience, fleas, the night is long," and "There are no swallows in the nests of yesteryear.") It is therefore likely that the Academic Horde will withstand the German threat with at least equal defiance and fortitude, and we hear that shrill piping cries from the more elderly dons of "Down with Frederick the Great !" and "Three cheers for King George and his gracious Consort, Caroline of Anspach !" already echo in many a cloistered walk, to the shaking of emaciated fists.

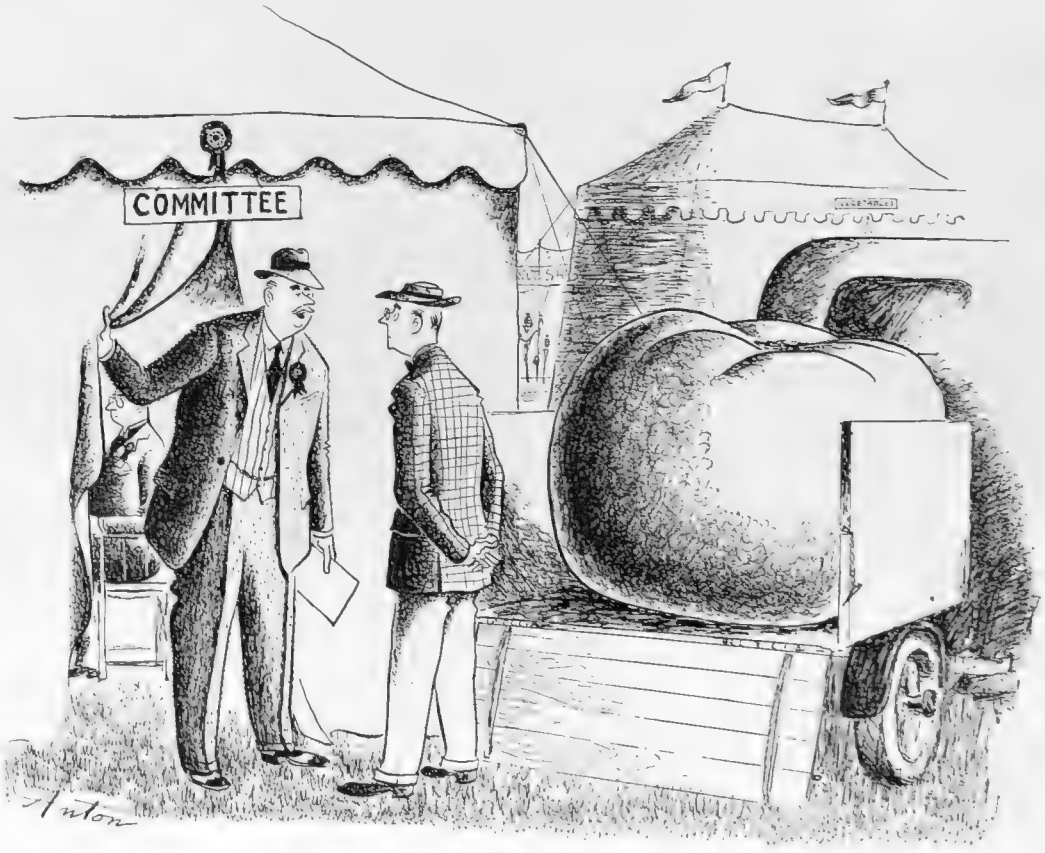
What will, speaking seriously, be a fiery ordeal, should the worst happen, is the possible destruction of some of those College lawns, the welfare of whose immemorial turf preoccupies many a don far more anxiously than his immortal soul. Military boots desecrated some of these in the last war; their owners were presumably struck down by the vengeful lightnings of Jove. Or perhaps they were poisoned by furious dons ? This is commonly done in sherry, with a smooth, smiling word, at High Table, amid that buzz of false philosophy and sterile deductions common to that brabling-shop of sophisters (this spy adds).

Libel

IT had to come, of course, sooner or later. We refer to that flubdub about the fearless Cockney pulling a snook at the bombs and enjoying the jolly old blitzkrieg no end. In the last war, to the irritation of the troops, it was the carefree Tommy. Staggering half-dead out of the front line to "rest" billets after a terrific battering, the remains of a decimated battalion would learn from the papers when they got their mail that they were one vast cheery grin with a gasper stuck in it; which invariably led to criticisms involving Our Special Correspondent, of a singularly unfavourable nature. Maybe this sort of fantasy would have helped, in an oblique way, if it had made the troops more desirous to take it out of somebody straight away. But so far as we recollect, their grim natural philosophy enabled them to shake this annoyance off fairly soon, classing it with rats, lice, mosquitoes, and other inevitable minor nuisances of War. There certainly was a fair amount of continuous merriment, but chiefly in the safer back areas, and quite possibly there are places (for example, California) where the British citizen is wholeheartedly enjoying the present blitz; but as a general convention or gambit it strikes us as an insult to the intelligence.

We 're loth to criticise the Fleet Street boys, whom we dearly love, but there are times when their habit of living in a feverish, jazz-tinted dream-world, cut off from all reality, leads them into excesses of a very strange kind. The Cockney is courageous, but not fearless. The fearless are generally stupid and deserve no particular credit. It is the imaginative fearful who do the heroic things after conquering their fear. The bravest captains in history have often been sick with tremors. It 's no use your grumbling about this new didactic note we 're striking. A chap told us we could easily catch the eye of the B.B.C. with it, and get a nice job broadcasting uplift to America, like Slogger Macdonell and the other big boys. This is done nightly and secretively while the Island Race is asleep, or thinking of something else. You don't know half the things that go on behind your back, do you ?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"The committee is prepared to recognise it as a pumpkin—but not as a tomato"

Films of the Day

"We Burn You, Heine! We Burn You, Einstein!"

By George Campbell

"WHAT else could I do?" screams the Nazi in *The Mortal Storm*, who has just shot his half-Jewish sweetheart for trying to escape across the frontier. And her half-brothers have no answer, for there is none. Given the Nazi doctrine that the State thinks for you, takes charge of your conscience, owns you body and soul, there is only one thing you can do—obey orders. Multiply the events of *The Mortal Storm* a thousand, a million times and you have what is wrong with Germany, the tragedy of thinking heads beaten down by rifle-butts, the degradation of Goethe's people, and Heine's, to the level of a robot race.

Not that Heine thought much of his fellow-countrymen. Bonn, he said, was full of professors, students, Philistines and brutes; and the brutes were easily the most important. The university of *The Mortal Storm* would hardly have disillusioned him. How cynically he would have watched the tremendous demonstration staged by professors and students in honour of their great scientist, Professor Roth, knowing that at the first official encouragement they would be getting a kick out of the old national sport of Jew-baiting. Aryan blood and Jewish blood, the Professor tells his class, are indistinguishable. With what passion Heine would have painted the scene in class, with the massed hooligans howling the great man down! What fun Voltaire would have had describing (let's say) a blood transfusion to a Nazi leader and the discovery that the only donor in the right blood-class is an anthropoid ape!

PHYLLIS BOTTOME'S telling of the story is straightforward, and Frank Borzage's direction emotional, in an admirably restrained way, with only hints of irony. The characters are carefully built up and have a fine consistency. The good people—and we must remember this when the storm has passed—are as gentle and as brave as good people could be anywhere. Though for the time the struggle naught availeth, such Germans are witnesses to the essential nobility of man; and surely their example will make converts. Even the Nazis in the film are allowed the virtues of their defects—self-sacrifice, courage and fanatical devotion to what they are told is duty. It is this honesty in the character-drawing that makes *The Mortal Storm* so painfully impressive.

Do not let this prevent your seeing it. Your senses will not be harried by floggings or murders. The violence is mostly off-stage, all the more dramatic for being unseen. For his effects Borzage depends more on symbols—the old woman's knotty hands holding her son's loving-cup with a trembling, desperate tenacity which alone reveals the fear behind her smiling face; the books flying into the bonfire with the chant, "We burn you, Heine!" "We burn you, Einstein!" somehow more frightening—possibly for the same reason as madness is frightening—than any act of personal violence.

WITH so much that is bitter there are some pleasant touches at the beginning, lovely photography, particularly in the ski-ing scenes, and acting that seemed to me faultless. Those who know Frank Morgan only as the dithering philanderer will find his Professor Roth extraordinarily impressive. For humanity and pathos it is a performance comparable with Paul Muni's Pasteur and Edward G. Robinson's more recent Paul Ehrlich. James Stewart, one of the most sensitive actors on the screen, with a genius for under-statement, gives an endearing study of the man who will not toe the party line; Margaret Sullavan is the professor's daughter, torn between loyalties; and Robert Young reveals surprising strength as her Nazi fiancé, forced in the end to hunt her down.

Two other players deserve mention—Maria Ouspenskaya for her perfect cameo as an old woman, daring and losing all; and Irene Rich, whom some of us remember as a sophisticated heroine away back in the early 'twenties, for her unobtrusive but touching performance as the Professor's wife. Frank Borzage, whose besetting sin is sentimentality, is for once above reproach. *The Mortal Storm* brings back memories of his better things—*Seventh Heaven, Bad Girl, A Farewell to Arms* and *Little Man, What Now?* It even makes me forgive *Strange Cargo*, and greater charity hath no man.

BY comparison the other new films are trivial and rather silly, which would not matter if they were also entertaining. *The Doctor Takes a Wife* certainly has moments. Something between *It Happened One Night* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, it tells the story of the authoress ("America's Bachelor Girl Number One") who has won an immense public by preaching spinster independence; of the young doctor who gets drunk and spends the night in her flat; and of the consequences of reports that they are married. Her indignant denials are met by tough reporters with "Then how do you explain the guy sleeping in your bedroom?" His arc checked by the University dean's announcement that matrimony has earned him promotion to the professorship he yearns for. Throw in his fiancée and parents and visiting professors, and all the situations and shifts familiar since the French first started building stage bedrooms with five doors, and you can imagine the rest for yourself.

YOU cannot, on the other hand, imagine the nature of *Turnabout*, for its banality is macabre and its imbecility beyond conceiving. One of the critics, I notice, describes its plot as original. One must suppose that he has never heard of Anstey's *Vice Versa*, the only real difference being that Hollywood has substituted husband and wife for father and son. This presumably accounts also for the discrepancy between the press agent's suggestion that the film is a combination of wit and daring unparalleled since Congreve, and my own sensation of being battered for an hour and a half with a suet pudding.

(*Pictures of "The Mortal Storm" on pp. 46-7.*)

Ray Milland, the doctor, and Loretta Young, the novelist who later becomes his bride after many complications, give the title "The Doctor Takes a Wife" to the film now showing at the Regal, Marble Arch. This entertaining comedy was directed by Alexander Hall and further comments by Mr. Campbell will be found on this page

Old Bill and Co. : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"No, I doan' believe none o' these 'ere rumours neither. Why, they do sez as 'ow there 's one o' them there time-bombs right down under where you be a sittin'"

Family harmony *is broken when politics come under discussion in the early days of Nazi Germany before all Germans learnt that discussion was dangerous. Professor Roth and his wife (Frank Morgan, Irene Rich) are horrified when their daughter's fiancé, Fritz (Robert Young) shakes his fist at Martin Breitner (James Stewart). Martin is also in love with Freya Roth (Margaret Sullavan)*

Anti-Nazi *are Martin and Freya. He belongs to a mountain peasant family and met Freya out ski-ing. They fall in love and Freya breaks off her engagement to Fritz Marberg, aristocrat and fanatical Hitlerite. In a mountain inn Martin and Freya find themselves isolated among all the young skiers who sing Nazi songs and salute the Führer*

"The Mortal Storm"

Frank Borzage Has Made an Exciting and Emotional Film Out of Phyllis Bottome's Anti-Nazi Novel

Exile *for Martin follows his helping an old teacher to escape from Germany and persecution. With them here are Elsa (Bonita Granville), who lives at Martin's home, Frau Breitner, Martin's mother (Maria Ouspenskaya) and Freya*

Escape *for the Roth family is arranged after the Professor's death in a concentration camp. But Freya has with her a manuscript of her father's which is found at the border, and she is detained*

Rescue *of Freya is planned by Martin, who crosses a high mountain pass back into Germany to help her. He gets her to his mother's farm, and old Frau Breitner's presence of mind saves Freya when Nazis come to search for the girl and her lover*

A brawl *takes place outside the Roth household when Martin, after seeing Freya home, is set on by a band of young Storm Troopers led by Freya's half-brothers, Otto and Erich (Robert Stack and William T. Orr), who disapprove of their sister's association with the young anti-Nazi peasant*

The burning *of banned books by the Nazi party after they come into power makes one of the film's most spectacular scenes*

Hollywood is making so many anti-Nazi films that, according to one report, no one can sit down in a studio cafeteria without finding a "plug-ugly in Nazi uniform" in the next place. First of all these to arrive here is *The Mortal Storm*, about which most people agree that for those who can stand seeing yet another picture of harmonious family life and young love being destroyed by Hitlerism, then it is well worth going to the Empire, Leicester Square. Frank Borzage has made a fine job of producing and directing this adaptation of Phyllis Bottome's novel, much of which has the pure winter beauty of the Bavarian Alps for background. And the acting is of the highest quality. Frank Morgan is the Jewish professor whose home is broken up and who dies in a concentration camp; his daughter and her peasant lover are Margaret Sullavan and Frank Stewart, who have been romantically teamed before and notably in *The Shop Around the Corner*; Robert Young is the young Nazi to whom the professor's daughter breaks off her engagement. M.-G.-M., who made this film, have another anti-Nazi best-seller on hand — Ethel Vance's *Escape*

Over the mountains *which they both deeply love, Martin and Freya climb and ski towards the safety of Austria. But near the border they are seen and fired on by a ski patrol of soldiers. Leader of the patrol is Fritz, who finds that it is Freya who has been killed by his order to shoot at the fugitives just as they crossed the frontier into safety*

Florence Desmond—Mimic and Mother

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Florence Desmond at Home

Florence Desmond, Britain's mos
shown on these pages in her real-life r
She is married to Squadron-Leader
Michael Charles Hughesden is their
pictures on this page were taken at
home. However, since local visi
Florence and her young son have go
Essex retreat, a seventeenth-centu
which is reputed to have once been
Latest of a long line of brilliant mi
impersonation of Bette Davis as Qu
Elizabeth and Essex, in which she
"A Fine Romance." She then swit
to another new one, the sultry Marl
Again to the musical accompanime
A few months ago one of Flore
Frances Day, who, waiting to go
formance at the Palladium, watched
herself that made her own appearan

Michael Charles Hughesde

ith Her Adopted Child

impish impersonator, is
le—that of wife and mother.
Charles Hughesden, R.A.F.
year-old adopted son. The
he Hughesdens' Hampstead
ations by the Luftwaffe,
e to live in a newly-acquired
y farmhouse at Thaxted
he dwelling of Dick Turpin.
nicry is Florence Desmond's
een Elizabeth from the film
ings a historical parody on
hes with complete volte-face
ne Dietrich in *Destry Rides*
of "The Lady is a Tramp."
ce Desmond's victims was
n at the Gala Variety per-
a mischievous impression of
later almost an anti-climax

, One-Year-Old Son

Smoking a cigarette in the dining-room of her lovely Hampstead home. Florence Desmond sits in front of a mural by Philip Forbes Robertson

Reading the best-seller by Cato, "Guilty Men," in her bedroom, Florence Desmond raises quizzical eyebrows at the intrusive photographer

***The canteen** is housed in a wonderful four-hundred-year-old tithe barn next to the church at White Waltham, in Berkshire. Outside it Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Creese unload stores from a converted motor-trailer*

***One cow-stall** inside the Barn holds a well-thumbed library. Mrs. Ernest Bass is librarian here and her client is a studious aircraftman*

Are You Being Served?

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens

No. 34. A Barn Canteen in a Berkshire Village

***Founders** of the Barn canteen are Mrs. Leon Hall and Mrs. Margaret Creese. In front of an exotic stage-backdrop, they discuss a concert-party programme with the officer commanding the local R.A.F. unit*

***Guests**, like this smiling aircraftman, often help the regular helpers, like Mrs. Hall*

Sing-songs *break out on the stage at one end of the huge barn whenever a pianist offers himself. Less impromptu concerts are frequently organised. There are footlights and scenery ready for amateur actors and producers to play with*

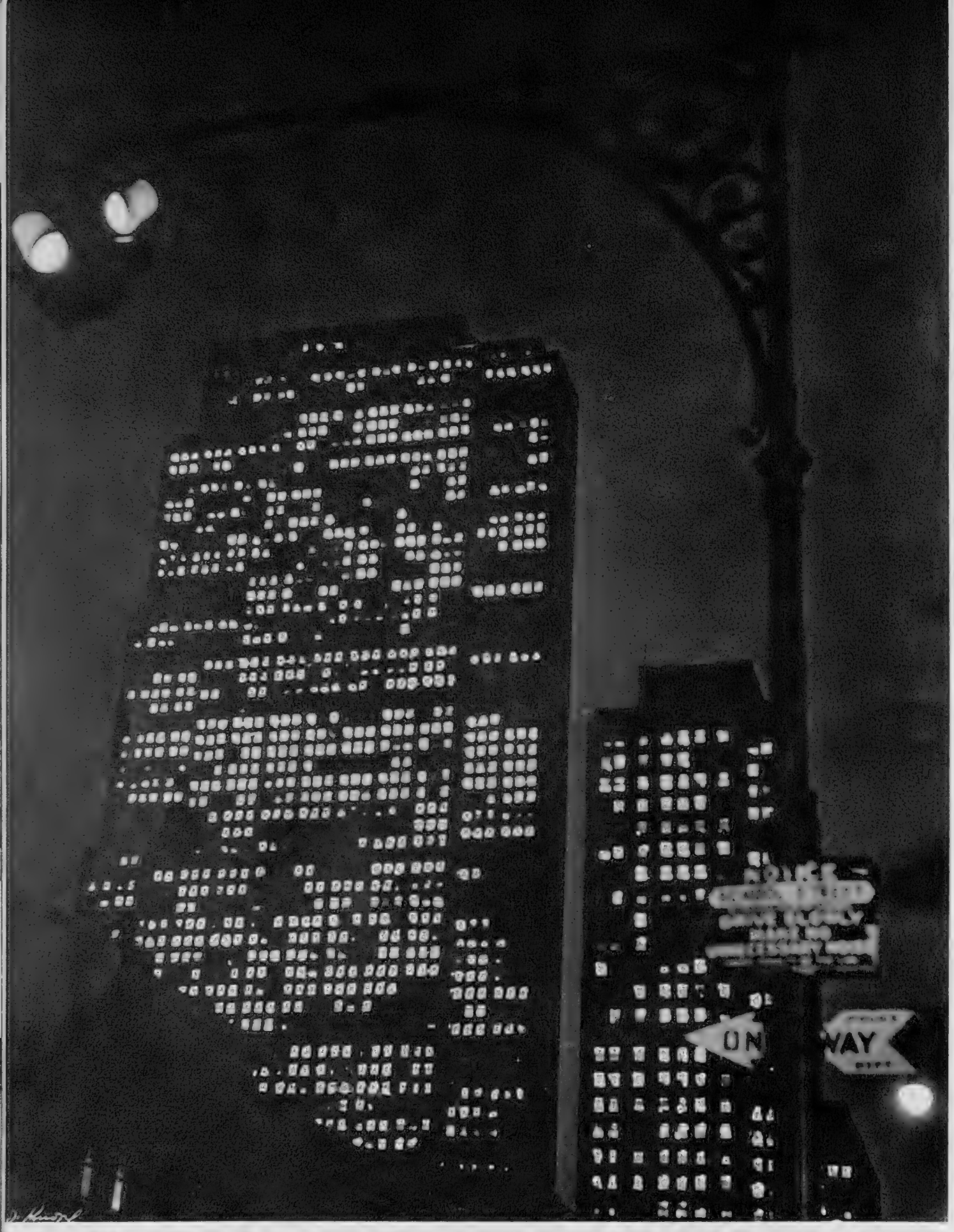
Labour-saving *device is the potato-scraper, which leaves only a little delicate peeling to be done before the potato goes in the pot. Miss May Golding, Mrs. Creese's maid, one of the canteen's most devoted workers, turns the handle here*

A superb old Berkshire tithe barn has been converted into a canteen by Mrs. Margaret Creese and Mrs. Leon Hall. None of the barn "fittings" have been removed, and tables and benches are set in the cow-stalls, concert audiences climb up on the hay-racks for a good view. Clients come from the local R.A.F. station, and consume something like a hundred hot suppers every evening. 700 to 800 eggs are used each week; cakes, sandwiches, cups of tea are a penny each, coffee is three-halfpence. A stage was put up at one end of the barn on which concerts are regularly held. And once a month a dance is organised by Mrs. Creese, who personally supervises the whole organisation

Cooks *are Mrs. C. B. Benson, Mrs. Claude Duveen and Mrs. Creese. The kitchen is partitioned off from the rest of the Barn and well equipped with gas and oil stoves below the hay-racks. One warning notice reads, "Please do not leave empty pans on burners"*

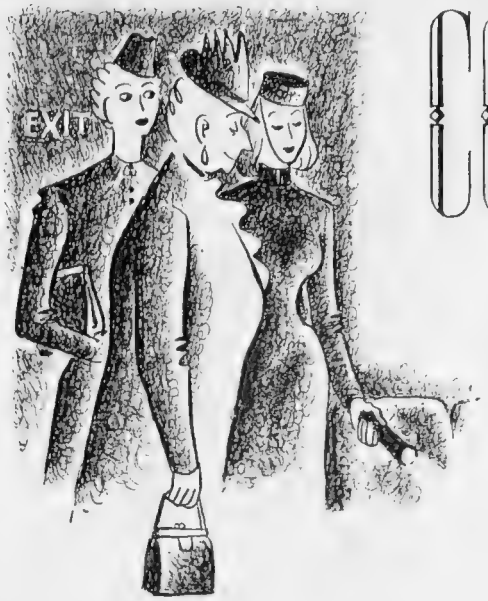
The "shop" *does a roaring trade in sweets and cigarettes as in every other canteen. Serving behind the table-counter is Miss Peggy Hawke with an aircraftman to help her*

Varmint *is a polo pony who does his war work pulling Mrs. Creese's trailer and has a canteen of his own while he waits outside the Barn*



The Windows of Peace

This light-studded Transatlantic tower is a symbol of America's distance from the scene of war. While a darkened Europe awaits the mournful sirens, in New York's Radio City the moan of saxophones goes out over the wireless to the homes of a nation still at peace. But if war does come to the great Western democracy, buildings like these will be fortune-makers for retailers in black-out blinds

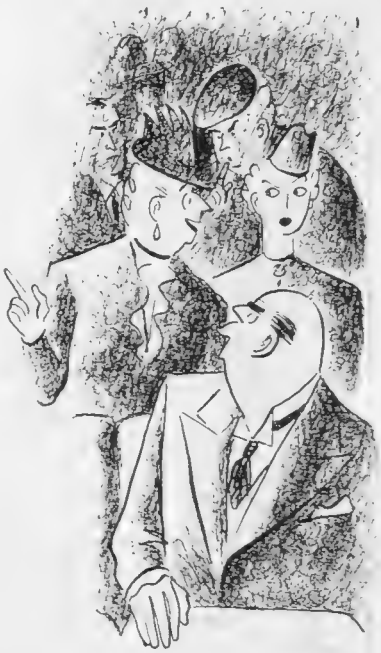


COMPANION PIECES

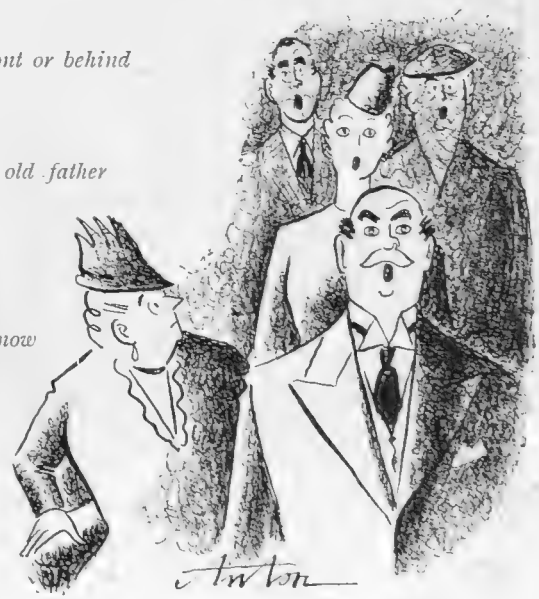
By JOYCE GRENFELL

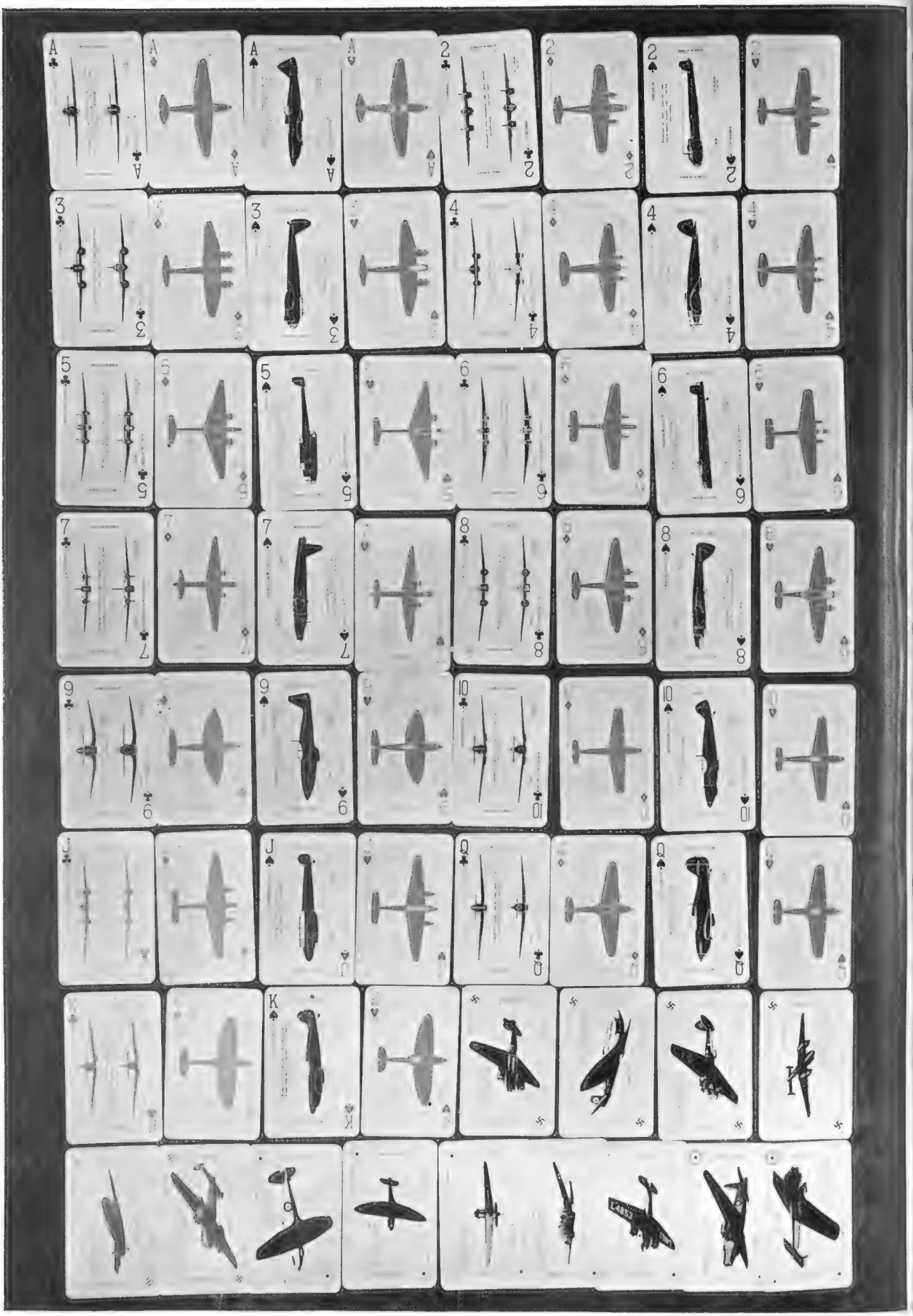
No. 1

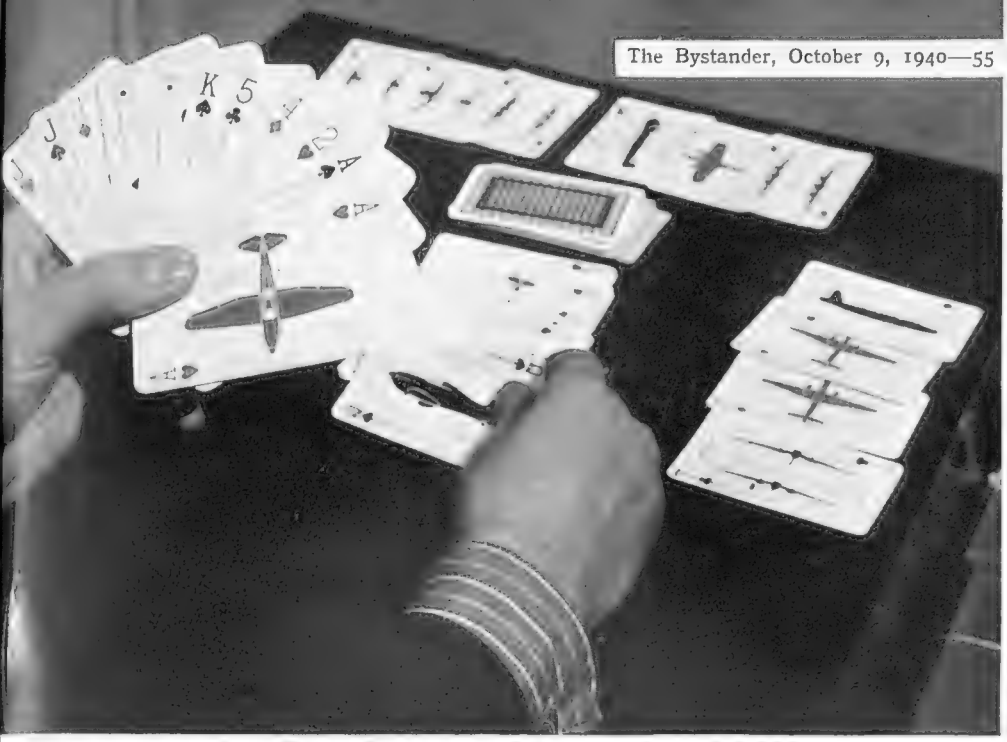
The Friend Who Gets Lost at the Cinema



THERE is one odd thing about the much older generation,
Who have plenty of culture and lots of education
And manage to get a rough idea about most of the modern problems,
And that is that they cannot, *even if it is foreign and slow,*
Follow
A film scenario.
Out of the darkness they ask :
" Why, darling " (dropping their gas-mask, torch and spectacle case),
" Why is that man with the horrid face
Out in the snow,
When only a moment ago
He was in a boat with a girl for a row
And it was day and now it is night ? "
" Sh-sh," you say,
" You see
He
Was in Mexico then
Trying to trace those men."
" What men ? " they want to know,
And because you do not want to be told by the people in front or behind
To go
You say you will explain later if they don't mind.
But they do rather,
Because they don't in the least understand why the poor old father
Of the fair-haired girl, who was the one in the boat,
Looked like that when he read that note,
Nor why the handsome if slightly over-self-sacrificing spy
(" Just like Uncle Fred when he was younger ")
Is condemned to die.
Once more you whisper that it is too complicated to clear up now
And you hear them wistfully murmur a hope that soon
There may be a coloured cartoon.
If, at this point, a deep but silent sleep
Falls on them, one must
Just
Trust
That it will endure until it is time to stand and sing
The King.







"War Planes" itself is just another kind of "Happy Families," with thirteen aeroplanes as sets, and five cards a set. Three or more players are dealt five cards each, and the pack goes on the table face down. Dealer asks anyone he likes for a card in a set of which he holds one or more. If he gets it, he may ask again; if not, he draws a card from the pack, and the player on his left has the right to ask for a card he wants. Player with most complete sets at the end wins, of course

***Fifth suit** is the set of thirteen R.A.F. circle (7) and Swastika (6) cards. Each card gives a general view of one of the planes which make up the thirteen sets in the rest of the pack—e.g., the top card here is a general view of an Armstrong Whitworth Whitley IV., of which the other four views constitute the sixes in the full pack opposite*

Spotting Without Tears

"War Planes" is a New Card Game for Teaching Jim Crows How to Tell a Friend from an Enemy

Can you tell a Defiant from a Messerschmitt 109, a Hurricane or a Spitfire from a Messerschmitt 110, a Heinkel 111 K from a He. 112, or either from a Hampden or Whitley, or a Junkers 88 or Dornier 215 from a Wellington or Blenheim? Probably not. Most people face with the utmost bewilderment this problem, which their small sons and brothers and nephews are frighteningly adept in solving. An enterprising firm is now bringing out a kind of child's guide to aircraft in the form of a pack of cards, on which are illustrated these thirteen aeroplanes. (The designs are the copyright of the *Aeroplane*, and therefore authentic.) With these can be played a new game called "War Planes," or with 52 of them, marked with the usual symbols in the corners, any game that can be played with an ordinary pack—bridge, poker, rummy, or even patience. And whether you are a soldier or a spotter or just someone who likes gaping at planes from the garden, you'll be the better for knowing what you learn while you play

Photographs by Pictorial Press

***Full pack** of "War Planes" consists of 65 cards; 4 suits of 13 cards each, and 13 jokers (see above, right). Suits are characterised by different views of the thirteen planes which make up the sets from ace to king—clubs show the plane from both ends, diamonds from below, hearts from above, and spades from the side*

***Three methods** of learning to spot planes can be seen on the right: by diagrams on a blackboard, by diagrams on a big printed sheet—very confusing for beginners—by playing "War Planes"*

Autumn Review

Corduroy, already well established in the country, has come to town for the winter. At Harrods, Knightsbridge, they have the beautifully designed suit above in soft corduroy bound with petersham. The jacket, which can be worn fastened high or open, follows the new longer line and has two flap pockets. It looks delightful in black, but they also have it in a glowing berry red, in forest brown or in sapphire, for 8½ guineas. The skirt is built up, so that it can be worn alone with a blouse, like the one just showing here in heavy crêpe de Chine. An amusing tricorne hat, which costs 52s. 6d. from the same house, completes the outfit

Fine work is replacing elaborate designs in the afternoon dresses that are now worn all through the evening as well. But it would be wasted on inferior materials, so "Tested-Quality" crêpe made with Courtaulds rayon has been chosen for the frock on the left, with its intricate tucking all over the bodice and double arrow-head belt. The frock above it, also in "Tested-Quality" crêpe made with Courtaulds rayon, is in a rich grape colour which throws the cowl sleeves, draped bodice and unpressed pleats in the skirt into high relief

Family Group at the Berry-Pratt Wedding

Major Lord and Lady Brecknock, parents of the bride, and Lord and Lady Kemsley, father and stepmother of the bridegroom, were photographed on their way in to the Grosvenor House reception after the Berry-Pratt wedding. Lord Brecknock was in the Scots Guards, is now an A.-A. Gunner. Lord Kemsley is chairman of Allied Newspapers, and editor-in-chief of the "Sunday Times"

Lady Mary Pratt and Flight-Lieut. the Hon. H. O. Berry

Flight Lieut. the Hon. Herbert Oswald Berry, R.A.F., is the fifth son of Lord Kemsley, of Farnham Park, Bucks., and Chandos House, W.1. Lady Mary Clementine Pratt is the only daughter of Major the Earl and Countess of Brecknock, and granddaughter of Marquess and Marchioness Camden. They were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, with a family party afterwards at Grosvenor House

Two Weddings

One in London, the Other in the Country

Grandparents

Left: Lord and Lady Camden came up from the country (they live in Kent) for their granddaughter's wedding to Lord Kemsley's son. Lord Brecknock is Lord Camden's elder son

Lord and Lady Gifford at His Cousin's Wedding

Lieut.-Com. Lord Gifford, R.N., gave his cousin away when she married Patrick Warren. He succeeded his uncle three years ago, and last year married Ellice Allen, of Sydney, whom he met while he was A.D.C. to the Governor of New South Wales from 1930 to 1935. He is managing director of the District Messenger Company and also of Ashton and Mitchell's Royal Agency

Patrick de Gruchy Vinoles Crawshay Warren and the Hon. Serena Mary Gifford, only daughter of the late Lord Gifford and Maud Lady Gifford, of Shrivenham House, Shrivenham, Berks., had a country wedding at St. Andrew's, Shrivenham. He is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy de G. Warren, of 36, Cheyne Court, S.W.3

Mr. Patrick Warren and the Hon. Serena Gifford

Airmen who have all distinguished themselves in operations against the enemy are these three officers of the Royal Air Force, Pilot-Officer W. L. McKnight, who received the D.F.C., Acting Squadron-Leader D. R. S. Bader, who was awarded the D.S.O., and Acting Flight-Lieut. G. E. Ball, recipient of the D.F.C. These recently decorated men are fine representatives of the personnel that is giving the R.A.F. an almost legendary reputation the world over

Leader of a flight in the Czech Fighter Squadron with the R.A.F. is Acting Flight-Lieut. Jerrard Jefferies, awarded the D.F.C. for skilful and gallant leadership. His dog is called Hero

Salute to the Brave

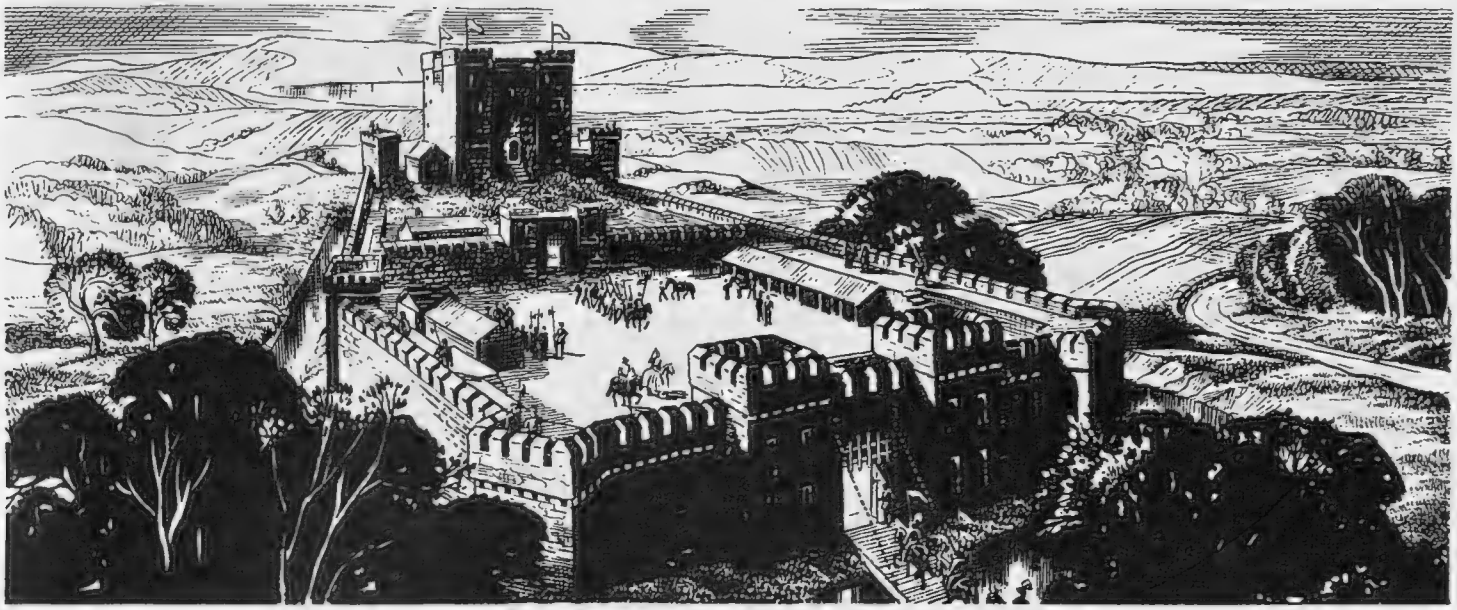
Men and Women Who Have Served Their Country Well.

Ambulance workers are Mrs. Dorothy Clarke and Mrs. Jane Bessie Hepburn, who were among the first women to receive the George Medal, the new award for civilian bravery. They displayed great presence of mind and a high devotion to duty when they rescued a seriously injured man after an explosion

Ace in an R.A.F. fighter squadron, Sergeant-Pilot George Cecil Unwin was awarded the D.F.M. for his skill and daring. His score stands at ten. Flash, squadron mascot, is with him

Royal Engineer is George Cameron Wylie, who actually discovered and removed the bomb under St. Paul's. Like his leader, Lieutenant Davies, he was one of the first recipients of the George Cross

Warden in Caterham is Miss Sonia V. C. Straw, who was one of the first women to receive the George Medal. Miss Straw volunteered to give assistance to the wounded during an air raid. She attended a number of badly wounded women and children entirely without assistance and carried on until aid arrived



A Realm within a Kingdom

The Organization known as the Nuffield Group of Companies, controlled by Viscount Nuffield, which in times of peace produced a very large proportion of this country's motor traction, transformed itself, as the clouds of war grew darker, into an armed camp behind whose defences intensive war production, gathering in momentum, has now reached a phenomenal measure of output.

A big industrial undertaking of this character, peopled by thousands upon thousands of workers, its ramifications spreading wide throughout the Empire and beyond, is, in effect, a state in miniature. Its responsibilities go deeper than the immediate production of armaments. It has a clear view of the " broader lands and better days " which lie ahead, and it is already planning to gather the rich crop of war-time technical knowledge and experience for the benefit of an emancipated Europe.

Its liberal-minded administration, which in peace-time pioneered Holidays - with - Pay, Profit-sharing Schemes and many welfare amenities, has under the spur of war cemented into a patriotic bloc a vast army of collaborators which, in the days to come, will form a stabilising force of immeasurable influence.

Every man and woman in this Organization has clearly in mind the passionate desire of all British people — to fight for, preserve and hand on that inheritance of skilled craftsmanship and freedom of thought and action which has made this country great and to maintain its mission of political and social leadership for the benefit of all nations.

THE NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION

(Chairman: Viscount Nuffield)

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Archdukeries

By V. S. Pritchett

ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA, the Consort of the Emperor Franz Joseph, is the subject of Miss Elizabeth Sprigge's new novel, *The Raven's Wing* (Macmillan; 8*s.* 6*d.*). It belongs to the tender-to-Royalty school of fiction, and sheds a nostalgic and sympathetic tear over the sad archdukeries of the nineteenth-century Europe. To my prejudiced mind this kind of subject is more suitably treated by biography. Fearing to distort history, the conscientious novelist (and Miss Sprigge is conscientious) holds her imagination in too hard; fearing to spoil a novel with too much history, she compromises by becoming a taster of events. For example, the pathetic Elizabeth was stabbed to death by an anarchist as she was walking in Geneva, but this incident appears almost perfunctorily at the end of the book, shocking us by its callousness, as it shocked the Court of Europe at the time. Yet historical truth would require some hint or account of why anarchism and men like the murderer, Luigi Luccheni, existed.

Elusive, unconventional, spirited, with the self-willed and innocent imaginativeness of a child, Elizabeth came from the royal Wittelsbach family, and was the daughter of the eccentric Duke Maximillian Joseph of Bavaria. She had a tomboy childhood of riding, climbing, hunting expeditions and living among the peasants, and all her life seems to have been one of those boy-girls who tantalise men and anger those women who are not emotionally attracted. She married Franz Joseph at the age of sixteen, and Miss Sprigge gives a sympathetic picture of the impulsive, inexperienced child stepping into the Hapsburg prison. Sexually uninstructed, she was shocked at once. Childbirth, she felt, was forced on her, and once the children were born they were taken from her by her grim mother-in-law. Royalty had no personal rights. Elizabeth's duty was political, to the royal house and the nation. Such an attitude to life was possible to the tougher female royalties; to the original and individual it could lead only to frustration, tragedy or a life of fantasy. Elizabeth experienced all three. She found a natural fellow-spirit in her cousin, Ludwig of Bavaria, and was with him at the Wagner period and the famous break that drove him deeper into fantasy. Her son met a tragic end; a favourite cousin committed suicide; her sister perished in a fire. There had been the fate of the Emperor Maximillian in Mexico, another sacrificed royalty. Elizabeth's own private martyrdom was one more instance of the cruelty of a system which was breaking up, and which was as hard on the sensibilities of its rulers as it was on the lives of many of its subjects. The Hapsburg machine, like the totalitarian machine, demanded an excessive price from everyone.

Miss Sprigge treats this from Elizabeth's point of view, and follows the inner story of her love of her husband, and her rebellion against the demands of his office, with delicacy and affection. Immature and ill-adjusted, Elizabeth has a pathos, though one cannot resist the conclusion that her mother and her mother-in-law were right in their severe judgment on her character. It is, after all, necessary to grow up; it is disastrous to oneself and others if one does not.

THE reign of the Emperor Justinian has attracted modern novelists who are alive to historical parallels, and who have seen in the Blue and Green factions of the Roman Empire an awful warning. The character of Theodora, the comedienne and prostitute whom Justinian married, has been an added attraction. Mr. Robert Graves has lately drawn her; and now Mr. John Masefield does another portrait in *Basilissa* (Heinemann; 8*s.*). He concentrates on those things in her character which led to her reformation. It is amusing to compare Mr. Masefield's Art Theatre heroine—with her dressing-room enthusiasms, her political energy, her touch of religious high-browism, her inklings about repentance and her shrewd knowledge of the price of jewellery—with the detached portrait (in the fifth volume of Gibbon) of the licentious lady who "murmured against the parsimony of nature," and who "when she passed through the streets . . . was avoided by all who wished to escape either the scandal or the temptation." Theodora is one of the great courtesans, a woman of unusual brain who disappoints both moral censure and unholy joy. On one characteristic Mr. Masefield is silent—her undoubted cruelty. It is a pity that his story stops with her marriage, and at the edge of that fantastic period of respectability when she built a kind of nunnery for her fallen sisters, many of whom, rather than endure salvation, flung themselves into the sea. For him Theodora is, of course, the woman of action, the politician and stalwart friend, the woman keeping her head above water in a hard world. Among the vivid and picturesque historical novelists he has the rare virtue of being brief, decisive and speedy in his narrative. There is no long-windedness about the

(*Concluded on page 62*)

"There, now—I've gone and forgotten my reading glasses"

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

(Continued from page 60)

"atmosphere," and if his book is not the best of Theodora, nor as comprehensive as Mr. Robert Graves's riper and cynical story, its scene remains fresh, hard and clear in the memory.

To Mr. Cleland Scott we must be grateful for giving us at last the low-down on lions. *Lions on Trust* (Michael Joseph; 12*s.* 6*d.*) is from Kenya and is full of pictures of lions on the dressing-table, lions at lunch, on the window ledge, in beds, sofas and other places where everyone, except Goering, Mussolini and Mr. Scott, hopes never to meet them. Full-grown lions like Mr. Scott. They like tearing his clothes, and his flesh now and then, chewing a hand, even—if one may say so—pulling a leg. You want patience, of course. It is even "essential." Large lions in the house are apt "not to realise their own strength." It is a mistake to try, Buchman-fashion, to "change" them. "Those who like to boss those with whom they live will never get on successfully with lions." Mr. Scott has two lions. They are called Romeo and Juliet. Juliet is affectionate:—

"Her idea of fun is to jump on my back from behind; she does not do anything much when she gets there; sometimes she takes my neck in her jaws and mouths it gently; it is one of the moments when one must stay very still. A trick of both is to rub themselves against one's legs exactly like a cat who is pleased with life, and making little purrs of pleasure. Very touching and all that, but spoiled by a sudden playful nip in the calf."

"Colonel Sir Blimpey Trubshaw, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C.—acting Able Seaman"

Romeo and Juliet are also hard on poultry. Mr. Scott rambles along about this pair, about lions he has hunted, and big game in general. It is a confused, amusing, nonchalant book and a model of under-statement.

I HAVE always wanted to know what I was missing when I was being driven down the Great West Road towards Maidenhead, Newbury, Marlborough and Bath. Mr. Cecil Roberts's *And So to Bath* (Hodder and Stoughton; 10*s.* 6*d.*) gives the answer. It is the anecdotal retort courteous from history to the motorist. At Kensington there is the Blessington-d'Orsay story; at Olympia, Samuel Richardson's house; at Osterley there is Osterley Park; at Hounslow, "the dreaded heath," Claude Duval; at Slough there are the Herschels and the great telescope (Slough, to judge by an old print, was already fated to be the home of scaffolding); at Colnbrook there is the "grim legend"; to be followed by the "worthies" of Reading (where Jane Austen went to school) and the genial life of Jack-o'-Newbury. Mr. Roberts does this in a lively, chatty manner and at easier length than most potters of social history. The great houses of Osterley and Sion hold astonishing life stories.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No 11

THIS is no time to neglect your meals. You must keep up your health and strength. Learn the art of making one-pot dishes combining a number of essential foods (you'll find a recipe for one below). Bread and potatoes will give you bodily warmth, and energy to cope with present difficulties.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

One-pot Meal

It is perfectly easy to have good hot meals without much heat in cooking. The following dish is a particularly appetising and useful one. Cut into convenient pieces 2 lbs. of any stewing meat, such as skirt of beef, ox-cheek or shin of beef and put in a casserole. Add a teacupful of rice, 2 or 3 carrots, an onion and a piece of swede, all sliced. Season with salt and pepper and add a bay leaf if liked. Pour in enough hot water to cover and top with slices of raw potato. Put on the lid and cook in the oven at the lowest possible heat for at least 5 hours. If you don't want to use the oven, put the covered casserole into a large saucepan with boiling water coming as far up the sides of the casserole as possible. Put on the saucepan lid and cook over a glimmer of heat for at least 3 hours, replenishing the boiling water if necessary.

Carried Meal

The carried meal can be made attractive if you give thought to it, and sandwiches are apt to become monotonous. Delicious and satisfying meals can be made in little fireproof dishes or basins, and if the contents are firm enough, these can easily be carried. Here are two suggestions: Shepherd's Pie with a good covering of grated breadcrumbs, and a layer of chutney on the bottom of the dish if liked; or Kedgeree made with rice and canned salmon. Both these dishes may be heated up, but they are very good cold, too. If possible eat them with a little salad.

Hints on Storing Potatoes

Anyone can store potatoes successfully provided these rules are observed:

1. The potatoes *must* be dry. Dig them in fine weather and leave them on the surface to dry for a few hours. If necessary complete drying under cover and in the dark.
2. Store in boxes or sacks in a frost-proof building. All light must be excluded to prevent the potatoes from greening. Cover them with sacking or a thick layer of straw or bracken.

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Woods — Ker

Lieut. Gerald Alexander Llewellyn Woods, Fleet Air Arm, son of Commander and Mrs. A. Woods, of Easdale, Gerrards Cross, Bucks., and Jean Mary Ker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Ker, of Singapore, were married at All Saints', Chalfont St. Peter

Smith — Chettle

Captain Arthur William Smith, R.E., only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith, of Coolgardie House, Great Chesterford, Essex, and Joan Chettle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chettle, of 56, Courtfield Gardens, S.W.5, were married at St. Jude's, Courtfield Gardens

Clarke — Goss

Lieut. H. F. Clarke, R.N.V.R., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Clarke, of Hazelmead, Waxwell Lane, Pinner, Middlesex, and Jane Goss, only daughter of Mrs. Goss, of 3, Overton House, Ferndale, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, were married at St. James's, Ferndale

Sooby — Green

Pilot Officer Peter George Sooby, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Sooby, of Swaffham, Norfolk, and Brenda Madeleine Green, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Green, of Netherlands, Amersham, Bucks., and an Assistant Section Officer in the W.A.A.F., were married recently at St. Mary's, Amersham

Edwards — Birks

Second-Lieut. John Kidall Edwards, only son of the late Lloyd Edwards, of Bangor, and Mrs. L. Edwards, of Putney, and Mary Isobel Birks, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Birks, of Dallinghoe House, Woodbridge, Suffolk, were married recently at Dallinghoe Church, Woodbridge

Jackson — Rickards

Flying-Officer A. E. Jackson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Jackson, of Stockton-on-Tees, and Elizabeth Joan Rickards, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Rickards, of Marston Meysey Manor, Cricklade, Wilts., were married last month at St. James's, Marston Meysey

O'Sullivan — Lord

An Irish wedding was that of Stephen O'Sullivan and Vivienne Lord at St. Michael's, Blackrock. He is the son of Dr. W. M. O'Sullivan, of Inch House, Killarney, and the late Mrs. O'Sullivan. She is the daughter of the late George Lord, and Mrs. Lord, of Woodview, Douglas

Scott — Nichols

Angus Marsh Scott, Air Ministry, A.I.D., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Scott, of Broughty Ferry, Angus, and Désirée Dorothy Nichols, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Nichols, of Chislehurst, Kent, were married at St. Nicholas's, Chislehurst

Perez-Walker — Spearman

Santiago Perez-Walker, son of the late Santiago Perez Pena, and Señora Blanca Walker de Perez, of Santiago, Chile, and Anne Mainwaring Spearman, daughter of Professor and Mrs. C. Spearman, of 67, Portland Court, W.1, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place, W.1

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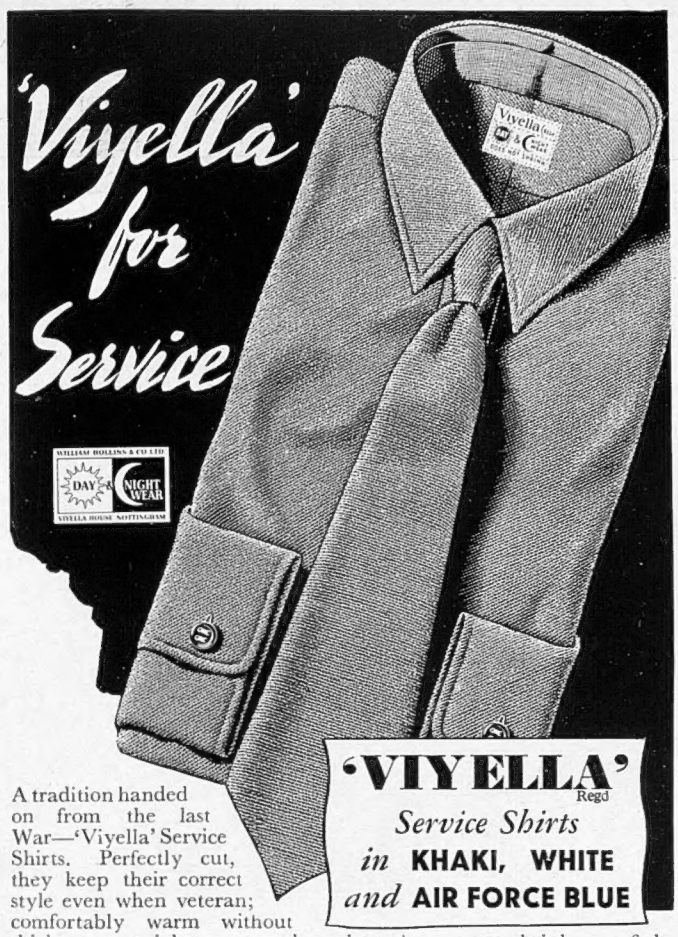

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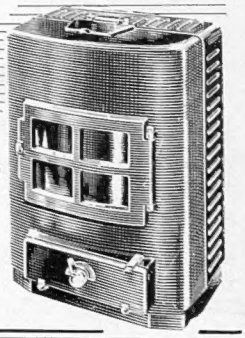

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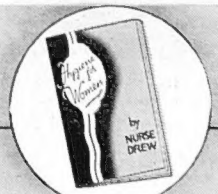

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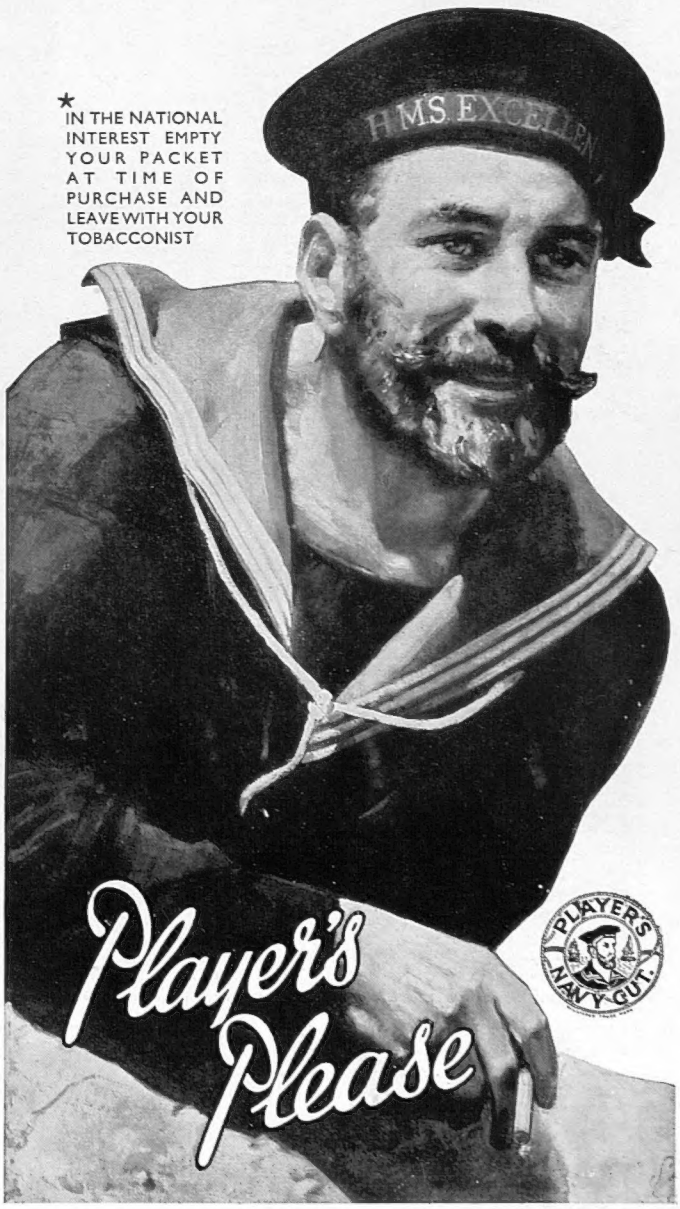

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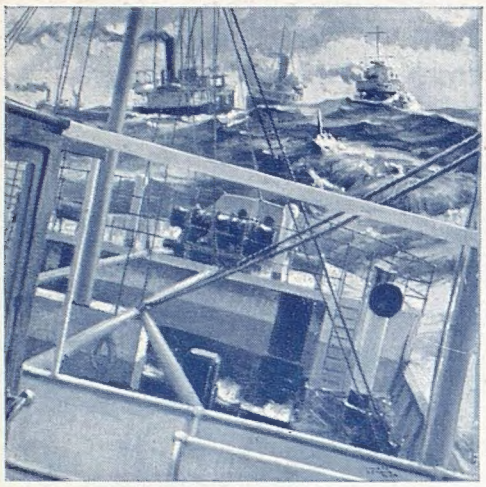

. . .

The *RASPER* heeled sickly: down and down until water climbed in over the dipped rail: creaming into her well-decks. She shuddered through a series of grim bumps. Then she was suddenly steadier, swinging to an even keel. The third mate was being sick; and the wheel was twisting from the shaking helmsman's hands. But old Glynde was neither sick nor shaking. Leathery face a mask, he was staring at something evil spewed up from his foamy wake, and blundering under the bows of the saved *HIGHFLYER*, whose rails were lined with cheering men. From overhead came the vivid drone of the hurrying British fighter 'planes, sweeping in to the kill.

* * *

The senior officer of the escort sent bunting to his signal yard that read, in the International Code: "Well done, *RASPER!*"

* * *

Quiet it was in the house which Cappy Glynde had left like a criminal three months before. Quiet, with a hint of exotic scents. Deadly quiet—it was indeed the quiet of death.

* * *

Finger to lip, a becapped nurse came down the stair. . . .

Old in years but young in spirit, an old salt proves his worth in a bout with a U-boat.

"HONOURS EASY"
By F. TENNYSON JESSE.

. . .

The soldiers closed round Mr. Mullins and Doctor Jackson in an unpleasant manner, and while Mr. Mullins, his round red face more suffused with blood than usual, waved his stick in an effort to clear the path in front of him, he found his stick taken away from him, and a fellow who was evidently an officer (he had more gold lace on his dingy uniform than the others, and his moustaches were longer) spoke to him in French and German, neither of which languages did Mr. Mullins understand. The officer then addressed him in English, though heavily accented English, just the sort that Wops like these, thought Mr. Mullins scornfully, would talk if they talked any Christian language at all.

Doctor Jackson touched Mr. Mullins on the elbow. He said, rather dryly, "Think you 'd better listen. You have tried to gate crash the palace."

"What palace?" demanded Mr. Mullins indignantly.

"The king's palace," said Doctor Jackson.

"The king? Do you mean to say they 've got a king in this one-horse place?"

"Quite a good king, so I 've gathered. Quite an old fellow, too. Anyway, they don't like us walking in."

Mr. Mullins turned to the officer.

"Say," he said, "we don't mean any harm. I 'm Mullins. *The* Mullins. The millionaire. That 's my yacht lying out there. I 'm an American citizen, and this is my doctor, Doctor Jackson."

. . .

An amusing story in which a hard-up king gives a left-hand gift to a vain American.

"BOMBER COMMAND"
By CECILIE LESLIE.

. . .

THE early morning light bathed the moor with pale gold, and as I glanced across the bushes of gorse and broom I saw Hazel walking towards the aerodrome. I halloed to her and we wandered along together. We were following the course of the little trout stream when we heard the drone of machines. Hazel and I halted, our heads cocked, listening. Sure enough—it must be them? At last we saw them like a flight of geese far out to the west, and we counted them as they came nearer. Two missing! I held Hazel's arm.

"Somehow, I never thought he would be killed," I said. "I dreamed last night. . . ." But Hazel shut me up.

"Wait till it has happened."

It would be some time before they returned, so Hazel insisted that we go into breakfast. She ordered me bacon and eggs and saw to it that I ate them. She herself was quiet, and white.

Soon Eileen joined us. Now she was herself once more, composed, glossy, a compact little woman, ready for breakfast.

We heard the crunch of their boots on the gravel and we left the table without hurrying, trying to hide the fear in our hearts by walking slowly.

There were many other women in the lounge, Sybil Hoard, Kathleen, Joan, Ruth, Helen—all too calm, too anxious to show that they had really only come down to read the morning papers. . . .

Read this story of love and tragedy, in which a man's life given in the service of his country solved several problems.

ALSO IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE

Films fans should read Margaret Chute's article, entitled "Picture Thieves and Their Tricks."
Negley Farson, the famous American journalist, gives his opinions as to the strength and unity of the British people in this war.
C. Patrick Thompson, in "Fruits of the Earth," tells you all you should know about the production of food and its distribution.
The destroyers are the "Shock Troops of the Royal Navy," and Stanley Jackson describes their work and quotes many stories of their daring deeds.
You often hear over the wireless that "The R.A.F. Have Attacked." Keith Rogers has written an interesting article on what has to be done before this announcement can be made.

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